Carangas-
Chipaya

/121 cont./

not believe that taxata and tuanta are clans, at least they could not have been in the beginning, or the Indians would not have compared them with the Aymara saya, which each contain a large number of clans. Another consideration prevents me from accepting this comparison. The part of the village called tuanta actually includes an area known under the name of warta-ayl'u, southern clan, somewhat to the side of the rest of the agglomeration. The inhabitants of warta ayl'u participate in the festivals and solemnities of the saya tuanta and are under its alcalde. Their individuality is only revealed in their tendency to stay together and, a significant detail, by the presence of a special chapel in the middle of their huts. Each saya, in fact, has its own chapel where it celebrates its /122/ ceremonies, the church located in the middle of the neutral zone being used only in the course of solemn festivals which bring together the whole tribe. No doubt we are dealing here with an ancient clan which has survived whereas, in the other saya, clan and "moiety" have merged.

Outside of the public buildings such as the chapels and the prison, the village is made up of dwelling houses with their immediate annexes: storehouses and small enclosures. The detailed description of the hut will be the subject of a special chapter. Right now it is enough to mention that the dwelling houses as well as those which serve as storehouses are cylindrical in form and are made of superimposed clods of earth crowned with a straw, dome-shaped roof (Pl. VI, B /see p. 30 /). In places the huts are grouped at random, but in a general way they are laid out in long, more or less parallel rows, with the spaces between them corresponding to streets. As all the houses open on the east, each row of houses faces a different street.

The huts belonging to a single household or to the same family are joined by small walls which form little enclosures used as woodhouses or poultry houses. A very low wall separates huts so joined from the next ones. The ground marked off in this manner is comparable with the "patio" of Aymara houses and is placed under the protection of a spirit, the patio mal'ku.

S:Fein T-S (ca.1954) 1955
SF54 Uru SF54
Iru Ifu

in-law of some eighty-odd years. While they talked the parent of pure Uru we could make a sound-recording.

A badly bombed area of London is in good repair compared with the Uru streets. Finally having climbed over crumbling walls and fallen into deep holes, we arrived at the house. Seated against the wall in the sun was perhaps the oldest human being I have ever seen. The mayor who spoke fluent Spanish said she was well over a hundred. Had she been less deaf and more comprehensible, I am sure we should have discovered that she had waved to General Sucre during the wars of the Liberation. Seated on the low wall was the daughter, a young seventy. The mayor explained what we wanted. The centenarian mumbled, but Roca's efforts with the recorder were unsuccessful. We left her to provide local colour and material for photographs of the most amazing wrinkles. The son-in-law seemed completely inert, so turning to the daughter the mayor asked her to talk. Realising that a unique occasion was offered her probably after a lifetime of oppression, she settled herself firmly on a solid piece of wall, and the floodgates of Uru eloquence opened. She launched forth into what was apparently her life-history, accompanied by the most extraordinary mime. Mother, who was past seeing, hearing and still less, caring, continued to mutter, the husband, when the recital became particularly spirited, would stop chewing his *coca*, lift his head and open his mouth, but no sound issued forth. Apparently the mechanism had definitely run down, and he relapsed again into a state of ruminating coca. Encouraged by the general enthusiasm, our star became more and more expansive. By now most of the inhabitants had arrived on the scene, and judging by the expression on the faces of the other ladies, she had by unanimous consent taken upon herself the rôle of local parliamentary candidate. She held the audience spellbound for one and a quarter hours, when either her vocal cords relaxed or she had come momento-

[p. 309-B]